A Radio Message for YOU!

The Mission Trail

Box 99 Guthrie, Okla. 73044

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"LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST." — JOHN 4:35

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The Life of a Missionary

Jan 27-74

Radio Broadcast for week of April 7, 1968--(See back page for list of stations)

. . . Listen to these verses from the 5th chapter of Romans beginning with verse 6, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Then in St. John, the 15th chapter and beginning with verse 13, we find these words. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Let me ask you this. Do you love him enough to fulfill his words and commandments to see that the gospel is brought to every tribe and nation under heaven? Did you ever hear of a young man named Adoniram Judson? He was born in Malden, Massachusetts, August 9, 1788. His father was a preacher, and Adoniram learned to read at his mother's knee when he was 3 years of age. His favorite hymn was "Go preach my gospel saith the Lord".

I want to tell you more about Mr. Judson. When he was yet a young man things happened to him very much like they do the young people of today. He came in contact with college students. One of his friends was an atheist and claimed he did not believe in God. This resulted in Adoniram turning his heart and belief away from the truth, and he was greatly affected by infidelity. He did considerable roving and traveled with theatrical performers.

One evening Adoniram stopped at a country inn for a night's lodging and was placed in a room next to one which was a man groaning in anguish and calling upon God in his dying hours. It was hard for Judson to sleep through the night while hearing such groans and pleadings with God. He wondered about the man's welfare and the condition of his soul, but the great surprise came the next morning when he learned that the man who had died during the night was none other than his college buddy who had influenced him and turned his heart toward infidelity.

This marked the turning point in Adoniram's life. Before long he had given himself to God, and his life was changed. He then saw the need of missionaries to the regions beyond. It was a real disappointment to his parents when they learned of his decision to be a missionary. To convert the heathen seemed such an impossible thing, and to have their brilliant son throw away his life in so unpromising a vocation was almost more than they could bear. But above their tears and pleadings and tempting offers, rang clear and distinct in his ear that voice that had brought him to his decision: "Go ye into all

the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And not once did he waver in his decision to obey that voice.

In the meantime Adoniram met a very charming young lady, Miss Ann Hasseltine. Would you like to hear this letter in which he proposed to Ann? I am afraid that many a girl of our time would have flatly refused such an offer as he made to Ann. But listen as I quote from his letter.

"Jan. 1, 1811, Tuesday morn. It is with the utmost sincerity, and with my whole heart, that I wish you, my love, a happy new year. May it be a year in which your walk will be close with God; your frame calm and serene; and the road that leads you to the Lamb marked with purer light. May it be a year in which you will have more largely the Spirit of Christ, be raised above sublunary things, and be willing to be disposed of in this world just as God shall please. As every moment of the year will bring you nearer the end of your pilgrimage, may it bring you nearer to God, and find you more prepared to hail the messenger of death as a deliverer and a friend.

"And now, since I have begun to wish, I will go on. May this be the year in which you will change your name; in which you will take a final leave of your relatives and native land; in which you will cross the wide ocean, and dwell on the other side of the world, among a heathen people. What a great change will this year probably effect in our lives! How very different will be our situation and employment! If our lives are preserved and our attempt prospered, we shall next New Year's Day be in India, and perhaps wish each other a Happy New Year in the uncouth dialect of Hindustan or Burma.

"We shall no more see our kind friends around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilized life, or go to the house of God with those that keep holy day; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eye, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of the heathen to celebrate the worship of idol gods. We shall be weary of the world, and wish for wings like a dove, that we may fly away and be at rest.

"We shall probably experience seasons when we shall be 'exceeding sorrowful, even unto death'. We shall see many dreary, disconsolate hours, and feel a sinking of spirits, anguish of mind, of which now we can form little conception. Oh, we shall wish to lie down and die. And that time may soon come. One of us may be unable to sustain the heat of the climate and the change of habits; and the other may say, with literal truth, over the grave--

'By foreign hand thy dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hand thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned;'

"But whether we shall be honored and mourned by strangers, God only knows. At least, either of us will be certain of one mourner. In view of such scenes shall we not pray with earnestness, 'Oh, for an overcoming faith'? Judson."

Friends, can you guess the remainder of the story of the life of Adoniram Judson? He and Ann did marry. They went as missionaries to Burma. There they labored among the natives for six years before seeing their first conver-

sion among those to whom they brought the gospel message. Many hours he spent in translating the Bible into their native tongue of Burmese. Who of us can tell the impact of such a life of sacrifice and service? He simply spent his life in a country where dangers from the jungle animals abounded and where sickness was no stranger.

When he died he was on board a ship three days out of sight of the mountains of Burma. It was then that his spirit took its flight as quietly as though he were only falling asleep. It is written that at 4:15 p. m. on April 12, 1850, he breathed his last, and at 8:00 that night the crew of the vessel assembled to witness the committal of his body to the ocean. What more fitting tribute could one have than to be buried beneath the blue waves of the waters which reach every coast line.

And, of course, friends, this is after he had endured the anguish of and sorrow of losing his dear companion in that land to which he had gone. Listen to this poem.

Where Christ Is Not Named

Where Christ is not named, lies a region of night,
And its souls have not heard of the day;
They eagerly wait for the breaking of light,
For the burst of the tiniest ray.

Can it be? Are there regions where He is not named--
His name of all names, the Adored?
Can they speak of all others on earth who are famed,
Nor mention the name of our Lord?

His name is more precious than all of earth's gold;
It bringeth salvation to men;
Though oft we have heard it, it never grows old--
It sootheth again and again.

Oh, what must it be where this Christ is not named!
To whom in distress can they go?
Who healeth their sin-sick, their blind, and their maimed?
Who comforteth them in their woe?

Alas, all is darkness! They wait for the light,
Which some who might have it, despise.
Soul, how can you tarry till falleth the night
While one in such darkness still lies?

He purchased salvation's sweet riches for them;
Yea, he was for all sacrificed.
Haste, haste to the regions where he is not named,
And tell them of Jesus the Christ.

--Clara M. Brooks

Let us pray.

Our Father,

We pray that you would prepare each and everyone of us to fulfill the mission of carrying your word to those of every land. Bless those who hear the broadcast today, and may it kindle within them a desire to give their all for him who loved us with an everlasting love, for we ask it in Jesus' name. Amen

And now, friends, may I take just a moment to tell you that this broadcast has been brought your way today by THE MISSION TRAIL of Guthrie, Okla. There are a number of stations on which this broadcast is heard every week. Copies of it are printed and mailed free of charge to those who request it. We are trusting God and those who hear and

read the messages to help us keep his word going forth to those who are hungry for the truth. If you have enjoyed the message today, may we hear from you? Address your letter to THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Here now is a song "I'll Be a Friend to Jesus". The singers are Lynn Carver, Arnett Carver, Troy Gentry and Edgar Martens.

Until next week at this same time on this same station this is Willie Murphey saying may God's richest blessings be with each of you and a very cheerful good-bye!

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Testimonies

From Louisiana: "Dear Bro. Willie, Greetings in the dear name of Jesus. We appreciate the weekly visit by radio and the paper. It gives us a spiritual uplift, and I'm quite sure it reaches others that we do not reach as individuals or as a congregation, so we look forward to the visit each Sunday morning over WFPR here at Hammond. . . Bro. Murphy Allen began a meeting here at the Loranger congregation this week of April 1 through 7. God has been blessing with messages from God and anointed with the Holy Spirit. . . Your Bro. in the Lord,"

--Herbert Probst

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From Nebraska: ". . . God has been so wonderfully good to me and has blessed me in so many ways. I desire to be true to my sweet Saviour who carried the heavy cross up the hill, while His people judged him, criticized him, bemeaned Him and did not believe Him. But He loved them. I desire to carry my little cross faithfully. The blessings of Jesus be with you and your family always."--Sis. Mittie Sultzbaugh

From South Dakota: "Dear Brother Willie and Sis. Frances, Greetings of tender love in the sweet name of our precious Jesus. He is so precious to me this bright spring morning because His presence seems so real and near after such a gruelling test, pressed out of measure. To have the burden lifted for just a few hours sets the joy bells ringing in our souls and the praises and tears of thankfullness flow freely. . . I am rejoicing and gaining new strength from His dear nail-pierced hands for the next onslaught of Satan. Grace, more grace, manna, heavenly wisdom are things He knows I need in abundance. . .

"O how heavenly to be alone with Jesus! This morning I read Mark 6:31, 'And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.' O, how happy the tired disciples must have been to hear these words from the lips of Jesus and to be alone with Him to hearken unto His words of grace and wisdom as they fell like the gentle dew from heaven, calming away all the stress and strain of earthly contacts. And again at midnight in that fragile boat, wearily rowing against the boisterous winds, how precious to hear His gentle voice, 'Be of good cheer: It is I: Be not afraid, and He went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased.' O, how we fragile creatures of the dust need to be alone in the desert with Him often and make sure He is always with us as our ship of life sails the boisterous seas and faces the contrary winds each day. We need Him every hour. . .

"May the dear Lord bless, strengthen and give you the desires of your hearts. Lovingly and prayerfully,"

--Sister Olive McFarling

at press time

we understand:

"He is not here: for he is risen."

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Saturday, April 6, was an eventful day for Ernest and Eva Mitchell, and one which will, no doubt, be long remembered, for it was then they boarded the private plane of Gene Porter who had made a special flight to Jena, La. to bring them back to Shawnee, Okla. from where they went to the Golden Rule Home. Bro. Cecil Carver who had driven their car to Shawnee the day before accompanied Gene on the flight south and Lynn Carver made the trip back to Oklahoma with them. A number of the Midway congregation was at the Jena airport to see them off. Frances and I were at the Home and saw Ernest and Eva for a few minutes. Ernest is afflicted and stands in need of much prayer. Remember him when you pray.

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Congratulations to Theophilus and Henryetta Jones Jr. of Akron, Ohio, on the birth of their twin girls, Altina Lavette and Arlina Suzette on March 30.

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"We are desirous of all the saints prayers. We have some problems we truly want the Lord to work out for us. We are encouraged in the Lord as never before."

--Theophilus and Henryetta Jones

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From Colorado: ". . . Greetings in Jesus' sweet name--just a few lines. Please pray for my healing and my husband's healing and for our needs to be supplied. My husband has been sick so long. . ." --Leona Carey

From North Carolina: "Dear Bro. Murphey, Greetings in the name of Jesus, our wonderful Saviour. I enjoy reading the Mission Trail paper. . . I hope you can be on the radio program for many years. . . I enjoy going to prayer meetings and to church, but I am so deaf that I cannot sing with the congregation or hear people when they testify. Please pray for me. Your Bro. in Christ," --Arthur A. Brown

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From Mississippi: ". . . So thankful that I can tell you that the Lord Jesus is more precious to me as I come nearer to the sunset of life. It would be easy to be lost in the crowd if we stop to ponder their going--so much confusion and dim lights. The church is plain to me--made up of all the redeemed of the Lord. . . In His love,"

--Cressie Hudson

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From Missouri: ". . . Delmer and I are so thankful how He came to our rescue when we were in need recently. My husband had severe pains and I was ill. We called our ministers for prayer and God came to our rescue for which we are so thankful. He has been so good to us. Let us be bold for him. Sin seems to be multiplying by leaps and bounds. It is all about us and increasing every day. Sinners are bold in advertising for Satan, and we must be just as bold to hold up Christ and witness for Him. . . Pray for us that we may carry a heavier burden for the lost and do more for our Lord. . ."

--Mrs. Delmer Severs

THE MISSION TRAIL, originating in Guthrie, Okla., is broadcast by radio and published weekly in printed form by Willie and Frances Murphey with the help of others. It is mailed free of charge to those who request it. Its purpose is to reach the hungry hearts of the unsaved everywhere with the gospel which will save them. Its principal support comes from the free will contributions of its listeners and readers. Those who feel directed by the Lord to assist may do so by sending their offering to: THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Okla. 73044.

For some it will come true: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. 8:20. Let us hasten with the message which Jesus gave: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Broadcast Schedule

Listen for THE MISSION TRAIL weekly on one of the following stations:

RADIO STATION	LOCATION	DIAL SETTING	TIME
KXOW	Hot Springs, Ark.	1420 kc.	Sunday, 7:15 a.m.
KCLO	Leavenworth, Kans.	1410 kc.	Sunday, 3:00 p.m.
WFPR	Hammond, La.	1400 kc.	Sunday, 7:45 a.m.
KCKW	Jena, La.	1480 kc.	Sunday, 7:30 a.m.
KCIJ	Shreveport, La.	980 kc.	Sunday, 7:30 a.m.

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